The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, JANUARY 24, 1874. NO. 39–2.

For the Myrtle.

Margaret.

THEY talk of the blight on the harvest fields,
In the lands that are over the sea,
Whence crowds and crowds in their hurrying haste
From the homes of their fathers flee,
The fire glows bright through the ruddy bars,
For the night is chill and drear,
But little they think of the driving storm
In the warmth and comfort here.

Out in the kitchen poor Margaret sits
In a maze and dumb despair,
The room is warm but she feels it not,
For her soul is full of care;
She sees a cot in the green, green fields,
(The spot is far away)
And a church with the spire rising dim,
And faces wan and gray.

Ah! it takes the money to bring them o'er
To the land where plenty flows,
'Tis the toil of weeks, and months, and years,
And this the poor girl knows.
And now the fever'll be breaking out
With the blasted fields of grain,
And what can they do but starve and die?
And look for help in vain?

Father and mother and little ones,
For she is the oldest grown,
And oh, with what prayers they fitted her out
To come o'er the ocean alone!
'Tis a poor little parish, the rents are too high
For people to thrive or to stay,
But O, tis the loneliest spot in the world!
And she thinks of it all through the day.

They talk in the parlor, all merry and glad,
"A song let us have, Mary, dear;"
And out in the night is the music borne,
Telling loudly of plenty and cheer;
But down in the kitchen poor Margaret sits,
Her lamp has gone out, and she's cold,
Her heart is all wild with its passionate grief,
A sorrow too great to be told.

Martha Remick.

For the Myrtle.

The Story of Mother Michel and her Cat.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER II.

THE countess dwelt in a beautiful house on the corner of two streets; she lived in a very quiet way, with her servants, two of whom, her lady companion and the butler, she treated almost as friends. As these two servants were old, she called the one, mother Michel and the other father Lustucru. Mother Michel was very good, as any one ought see by just looking at her face which was pleasant and kind. One could not tell so much by looking at father Lustucru's face. He was almost always very good humored, but sometimes his face wore a scowl which seemed to show that wicked thoughts were going on in his mind, but he took great pains to hide these thoughts and had never been known to do anything wrong. He could not endure animals of any kind, but in order to please his mistress he made believe to love them, and when he saw mother Michel coming with the cat in her arms he said to himself, "What! another cat! I should think we had had enough of them already!" He could not help giving the cat an angry look, but he calmed himself and took it in his arms, saying, "Ah, what a pretty cat, what a beautiful cat! I never saw so fine a cat in all my life."

"Really," said the countess, "do you not think he is very homely?"

"Homely! how can that be! he has charming eyes, and if he were ever so homely, you would soon make him beautiful."

"He displeased me very much at first sight," said the countess.

"Those creatures that displease us at first sight, are often the very ones we love most afterwards," said father Lustucru, very grandly.

They now went to give the cat a bath, which he bore very well, though he had a great dread of water, for he seemed to know that they were doing it only for his good. After this they gave him some meat, and then made their plans about him. They decided at what hours he should take his meals, how he should spend his time during the day, and when he should sleep. They even thought to give him a name.

Mother Michel and father Lustucru proposed several very beautiful ones, but none of them pleased the countess, so the next day she asked a very learned man what she should name him, and he told her to call him Monmouth, which meant, saved from the sauce pan. This pleased the countess very much and she named her cat Monmouth.

After several days, no one would have known Monmouth, he had changed so much. His fur shone, his whiskers stood on end and his eyes sparkled like emeralds. He owed his good looks mostly to mother Michel, whom he now loved much. But he had a very decided dislike for father Lustucru, and refused all the food that the butler placed before him for he seemed to understand that father Lustucru did not like him.

Monmouth spent happy days, and everything looked bright for the future; but troubles must come to cats as well as to boys and girls. On the 24th of January they noticed that Monmouth seemed very sad. He did not care to be caressed by the countess, he could not eat, and he passed the whole day crouched upon a mat in a corner of the hearth, and he fixed his eyes upon the fire with a mournful look. That night a strange messenger, sent from the castle in Normandy, where the countess' youngest sister lived, brought a letter to her, saying that this sister had fallen from her carriage and broken her arm and begged the countess to come and stay with her until she got well, and to come as soon as possible.

The countess was too sensible and too good to hesitate a moment, and she said, "I will start to-morrow."

At these words, Monmouth, who had been watching his mistress, began to mew mournfully. "Poor cat," said she on hearing him mew, "we must part for a while, for I cannot take you with me, because my sister does not like cats; once when she was a little girl, she was petting a kitten, and it suddenly scratched her face, and since that time she never could bear a cat."

Monmouth looked at his mistress as much as to say, "You at least are kind to cats." After thinking a few moments the countess added, "Mother Michel, I will leave my cat in your care."

"We will take very good care of it, dear lady," said father Lustucru.

"Don't trouble yourself about him, I pray you," said the countess, "you know that he has taken a great dislike to you, I do not know why, I am sure, but I know that he cannot bear you."

"It is true," said father Lustucru making believe to be very sad, "but this cat is unjust, for I love him, and he does not love me."

"My sister is unjust also; cats might love her, if she would let them, but she will not, therefore I shall not trouble her with Monmouth, and since he does not like you, you need not trouble him with your presence."

Having pronounced these words in a firm tone, the countess said, "It is to you, mother Michel, to you alone that I leave my cat; if you return him to me safe and sound, I will give you a reward. I am sixty-five years old, you are ten years younger than I am, and it is very likely that you will live longer than I."

"Ah! dear lady, why these sorrowful words," said Mother Michel.

"Do not interrupt me," said the countess; "in case anything should happen to me, I have already thought to give you enough to enable you to live comfortably, but if you will keep Monmouth safe for me I will give you five hundred livres a year."

"Ah," said mother Michel in a humble tone, "this is too much, for I love your cat with all my heart, and will take care of him without any money."

"I am sure of it," said the countess, but I shall reward you nevertheless."

During this conversation, father Lustucru had all he could do to keep back his anger so that his mistress should not see it, but he said to himself, "Everything for her, and nothing for me; five hundred livres a year! why, it is a for-

tune and she will have it all. No, she shall not have it if I can help it."

The next morning at half past seven o'clock, four frisky horses were harnessed to the carriage which was to take the countess to Normandy; she bid her favorite a last good by and entered her carriage. Until this moment Monmouth had not seemed to understand that the good lady was going away, but when he saw her get into her carriage he knew all, and bounded after her.

"Poor cat, you will have to stay at home," said she trying to keep back her tears. Can you believe it? the cat wept also. In order to shorten this painful scene, mother Michel seized the cat by his shoulders and pulled him from the carriage cushion to which he clung. The door closed, the horses started and Monmouth sank back into mother Michel's arms. The countess looked out of her carriage window, waved her handkerchief and cried "Mother Michel, take good care of my cat."

"I promise you, that you shall find him large and fat on your return," replied mother Michel.

"And I promise you," muttered father Lustucru, "that he shall die before you come back."

M. C. Schouler.

Katy Didn't.

"Papa," said Katy, sitting on her father's knee, "what is the reason some days are so lucky? To-day began all wrong, and everything that has happened to-day has been wrong; while on other days I began right, and all goes right, straight through. If aunt Linie had not kept me in this morning I should not have been marked at school, and then I should not have been cross, and then I should not have had so many disagreeable things the rest of the time."

"But what dld aunt Linie keep you for, my child?"

"To sew on the string of my hat, papa."

"How did it happen to be off?"

"Well," said Katy, slowly, "that I suppose was my fault, for it came off on Tuesday, and I didn't fasten it on."

"So you see, we must be back of aunt Linie for this unlucky day of yours. Did you ever hear the old saying, 'For the want of the nail the shoe was lost?"

"Tell me," cried Katy, who loved stories dearly. So her father repeated—

"For the want of the nail the shoe was lost;
For the want of the shoe the horse was lost;
For the want of the horse the rider was lost;
For the want of the rider the battle was lost;
For the want of the battle the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

"O papa!" cried the little girl, "I see what you mean. Who would have thought such a speck of a thing as not sewing on my string at the right time could make such a difference in a whole day? Whenever I feel like neglecting little things I will say, "For the want of the nail the shoe was lost."

Old Who-Who.

OLD Who-who lives in a great oak tree
That grows in the woods on the bank of the river;
His head is large as a head can be;
His eyes the biggest I ever did see;
His body so heavy that, dear me!
It makes the branch of the oak tree quiver.

Old Who-who's shape and monstrous size,
Inspires with awe the rude spectator;
He looks so sober and so wise,
And stares so gravely with his eyes,
And makes such flutter when he flies,
That I think he'd make a legislator.

Old Who-who, I tell you true,
Does not rank high as a musician;
His musical notes are very few;
His only tune is "Who, who, who,"
But this perchance you think will do
Quite well for a bird of his position.

Old Who-who is a clever owl,
And like us all he loves good dinners;
Around the barn-yard he will prowl,
In quest of a mouse or tender fowl,
Which often makes the farmer scowl,
And call our friend the chief of sinners.

One afternoon brave little Ed,
Beneath this same oak tree was walking,
When in the branches overhead,
"Who, who, who," a great voice said;
Some foolish children would have fled,
Before they found out who was talking.

"Who, who, who!" again came slow;
The boy replied, "My name is Eddie;
But who are you; I'd like to know,
Who talks so solemn and so slow—
Parrot, buzzard, hawk, or crow?
Please let me know when you get ready."

"I WISH I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always looks as pleased to mind, and I don't." What a lesson do these few plain words of the child convey! Shall a brute thus readily obey his master, and we disobey our gracious Father!

For the Myrtle.

Dick.

A TRUE STORY.

ONCE when a little boy was hoeing corn in the field with his brothers and the men, he saw a little gray-and white kitten, looking lean and hungry, creeping along among the corn.

He carried it up to the house in his arms, thinking he would feed it and perhaps keep it if they woul llet him. But while he was gone after some milk, the kitten disappeared and he could not find it.

The next afternoon, which was Sunday, as the boy and his little sister were sitting out in the yard reading their Sunday School books, a small kitten came creeping shyly about the woodpile. "Oh, see that little gray-and-white kitty!" cried the little girl. "Where did she come from?"

"Why that's the very one I found in the field yesterday," said the boy, "and brought to the house and lost again. Keep still and let me catch her."

He called softly "Kitty, kitty, kitty," and by degrees the kitten came up where they were sitting and rubbed herself against his knee. Then they caught her and kept her while his little sister got a dish of milk and she ate it as if she was half starved, as she probably was. She did not offer to run away after this.

The children showed their treasure, and asked if they might keep her. But their father said no. The house was overrun with cats now. And he would not have another around. Certainly not such a poor, miserable-looking thing as that.

They shed a few tears over the kitten, but dared not say more. But their elder sister, who took care of them all, took their part, and told them she would help them find a good home for it. One of their neighbors, the tailor, wanted a cat; so when they had kept it and fed it till it grew fat and handsome she carried it up and gave it to them.

The tailor's family were very glad of the kitten, and made a nice bed for it by the kitchen stove, and gave it some milk, and left it there while they visited with the sister. But when she had finished her call and went home, she found that the kitten had trotted home before her, and lay quietly sleeping in the little girl's rocking-chair.

They all laughed at the trick of the kitten's, and began to have some respect for her knowledge.

Then a little mate of the boy's saw the kitten and wanted her. The little boy and girl had long wanted a dove, and they decided to trade the kitten for one. So one morning the boy carried the kitten up to his friend, and brought the dove back in his hands.

But before dinner his older sister found him crying bitterly, all by himself. "He hated the dove," he said "and didn't want it, and knew they wouldn't treat his kitten well, and he wished it had died before he had ever carried it up there."

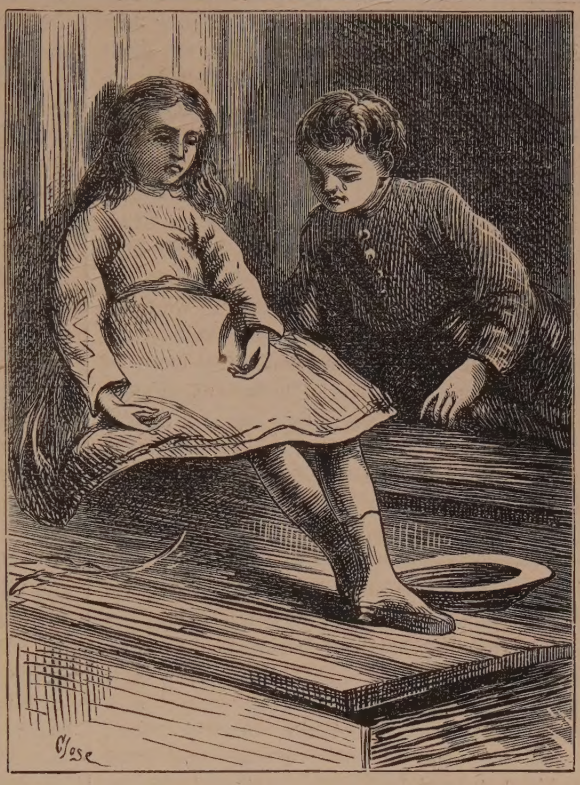
That noon his sister had a talk with their father, and after dinner she said to her little brother, "Father says you may go and carry the dove back and get the kitten."

After that there was no question about the kitten. She grew bright and handsome every day, and was the most playful kitten ever seen. The children amused their father by the hour, in the evening, with the kitten's pranks, and he soon grew as fond of her as the rest. Give her a roll of spools, or a ball of string, or a feather, or a bit of paper, and it seemed as if the kitten were possessed of flying spirits. When there was no other plaything she would whirl after her own tail until she fell down with dizziness. And the way she would cuff the staid old Maltese cat about, and whisk around her and roll over her, was funny to see.

They named her Dick, and very soon she knew her name, and would come at once at no other call. The children used to amuse themselves by running "kitty, kitty," and "Dicky, Dicky," together to puzzle her, but they thought she could always tell when they left off saying "kitty," and began to call "Dicky."

They taught her many funny tricks and others she learned herself. They taught her to sit up on her hind feet for a piece of bread, or to jump for it when held high in the hand, and to jump through the hands clasped together, and through the hoop. But how she learned to open every door in the house, as she soon did, they did not know. The latches were old-fashioned, with a thumb-piece, and she would climb up the side of the door and put her paw on this and unlatch

the door, then jump down and push it open with her nose. If she was on the other side of the door, she would lift the latch in the same way, and then put her nose in, as it stood a little ajar, and push the door towards her. If the door was too heavy for her to push open, or she failed to unlatch it, she would scratch at it, instead of mewing, until some one opened it. The doors suffered by this process, but Dick could not be broken of it.



One cold night in winter her mistress heard her scratching at the pantry door, and thinking she could open it, went to her assistance. Just as Dick had climbed up to put her paw on the latch, the door opened suddenly, and shook her off into a pail of ice-cold water that stood on a little shelf below. Dick was not long in scrambling out and getting under the stove, for she was not fond of such cold-water treatment.

There was nowhere that cat could not go where Dick was not found. She ran up the trees like a squirrel and knew the barns all by heart. One day she was heard behind the boards that fastened up the fireplace in the kitchen. She had been exploring the chimney through the arch in the wash-room, and had come down into the fireplace; and the boards had to be taken away to get her out. Dick never did this again, but she learned the way down through the oven, from the mouth of which she could jump into the kitchen. Then the mouth of the arch in the wash-room was fastened up. But there was a little smoke-cupboard in the wash-room, made to cure meat in, with a small flue into the chimney; and as this was often open, Dick would go up through the smoke-cupboard, half-way up the chimney and come down through the oven, rather than take the trouble of opening the door.

These chimney-sweep performances did not agree with Dick's snow-white fur very well; but she did not keep the soot long. One of the most remarkable things about Dick was her neatness. All the time she was not about more active pursuits, she seemed to use in washing herself, and combing herself. Other white cats the children had owned, had been forced to go into the wash-tub every Monday, but never Dick. She was so nice in her habits, so dainty in her food, so pretty in her manners, that the children thought she must have gentle blood in her, higher even than that of old Maltese; but they never knew what kind of a cat she was.

Dick had but one enemy, or one class of enemies; — that was dogs. Gentle as she was, if a dog came near the house she was a perfect fiery little mad-cap. The children had no dog, but their uncle's dog had been in the habit of coming in every day. But he never came but once after Dick appeared. They went around the house, a black streak and a white streak, Dick striking on his back every few minutes, and scratching till he howled with pain. So it was with every dog in the neighborhood. There was one swift encounter, and they never tried it again.

One day a peddler came in, bringing his little dog. There was a grim spitting from under the stove, and the little children ran to the stairs in the corner, for they knew what was coming. Dick charged, and barking and spitting and scratching came all at once. The little children screamed, thinking Dick would be killed; the lar-

ger boys clapped their hands and cried "sieze him, Dick!" and in all the hubbub the glass crashed and flew in all directions as the peddler's dog went through the window, and Dick after him.

But Dick's crowning virtue did not appear till harvest-time. She had become quite a famous mouser before, and when she was a little kitten had caught a rat almost as large as herself right before the eyes of old Maltese. But when the men took her out into the field, the way she would riddle the mice-nests under the hay was the admiration of all. And when they came to the threshing, she worked in the barn as regularly as any of them. When they raised a bundle of grain, Dick, who stood watching with eyes like fire, made a dive, and like a sharp-shooter always brought down her prey. And this she would repeat a hundred times. Other cats would seize one mouse, and go off and eat it. But Dick was too dainty for such food. She rarely ate one, but killed them, like a rat-terrier, from the instinct that this was her business. The way she would seize one and shake the life out of it and drop it, and seize another was wonderful to see. "Sixteen mice for Dick this forenoon; twenty-two mice, all laid in a row, show what Dick's day's work has been;" this was the tale the boys often brought in for dinner or supper. And not mice alone, but rats, and birds, and squirrels and even weasels, were Dick's prey; She had a disagreeable habit of bringing these things into the house; and she was often known to leave mice alive in the sitting-room, when she did not want them to eat and was in too great a a hurry to stop to play with them. Many a time the little girl, who was mortally afraid of mice, would find one running about in the sitting-room, and rouse the house with her screams, to come and kill it. Then in an hour or two Dick would come in and wander mournfully about hunting for her mouse, and wondering where it had gone.

When Dick was about two years old the little boy and girl who called her their own, were delighted to find her, up in the back chamber by the warm chimney, in a nice nest she had made, with three little kittens, just like herself. This was a great event. Their father said they should save every one of the kittens of such a remarkable cat, and these three kittens should not even be given away, but Dick should bring them up herself. But whether something ailed them, or whether the children in their fondness handled them too much, they all died; and Dick never had any more.

Dick did not grow large and fat and lazy like most cats, but was always rather small, and lithe and dainty, and seemed like a half-grown kitten with her snow-white fur and her shining eyes, and her quick, frisky ways. Four or five years she must have been a beloved member of the family, when one day she disappeared, and they never saw her again.

The father said, "I wouldn't have taken twenty-five dollars for that cat."

Twenty-five dollars! the children wouldn't taken the whole world for Dick. And the little boy and girl who loved her so dearly, more than they ever loved any pet, before or since, could not go to the stairway corner of the kitchen which was their play-corner, and where they had spent many a merry hour with her, and see her little plate standing there empty, without tears coming into their eyes. They hoped she was not starved or tormented or suffering in any way; but she had gone as she came to them, and they could find no trace of her.

A long time afterwards they heard that a rough hunter of the neighborhood had told privately that he had been out hunting that day, and had killed nothing. On his way home he saw a gray-and-white cat running along the rail fence with a squirrel in her mouth. Wishing to discharge his gun, "he thought he shouldn't find a better mark," he said, "and so he carried home the squirrel himself."

The children wished they had never heard that story. And they would find it hard to forgive that man even now, though Dick has been dead twenty years.

H. A. B.

SOLOMON said, many centuries ago, that even a child is known by his doings,—whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. Therefore, when you see a boy slow to go to school, indifferent about learning, and seeking every opportunity to neglect lessons, you may take it for granted that he will be a blockhead.

When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and who spends every cent as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a spendthrift.

When you see a boy hoarding uy his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a miser.

Christmas in our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The pastor of our church in Amesbury and Salisbury, Rev. Mr. Wright writes: To commemorate the birth of the Saviour we had a very pleasant gathering in the church and vestry on Christmas eve. The church was very nicely decorated and lighted. Two trees were heavily loaded with presents for the Sunday School children, while many fine presents were bestowed by and upon other individuals, giving zest and cheerfulness to the entire audience. At 5 o'clock P. M., the children assembled in the vestry, and partook of a bountiful collation prepared for them by generous hands. Every little heart leaped with joy, while every great heart was running over with gladness. An hour later adults sat down together and enjoyed the rich gifts of a bountiful Providence. To all it seemed to be the table of the Lord. Services in the church in the evening were as follows: 1. Christmas welcome by the children; 2. Recitation by a Young Miss, then kneeling, repeated the Lord's Prayer in sweet and solemn tones, moving all hearts; 3. Reading Special service] by the School; 4. Other recitations, interpersed with appropriate songs; 5. Appropriate and felicitous remarks by the pastor. Then followed the distribution of the presents. The hearts of all present, both young and old, were filled with delight. In fact, the occasion was so joyous that there were no old hearts present

—The Sunday School connected with our parish in Charlton, (Rev. E. Smiley pastor.) held a special service on the afternoon of Christmas day. Two handsome evergreens were well filled with precious fruit. The exercises were opened with the service contained in the "Altar." Then followed dialogues and single pieces, interpersed with music, by the children, and choice poetical selections, appropriate to the Christmas season, were read by Miss Emily C. Bacon, Mrs. L. M. Smiley and Mrs. Jenny Willard. After these exercises were concluded, a real Santa Claus appeared, and with his assistants began to pluck the fruit and distribute it. The efficient Superintendent, Mr. Solomon Richardson, received one of Prang's handsome chromos, and the pastor and his wife received not a few substantial evidences of good will on the part of the parish. The church was well filled, and the gathering was one of the most harmonious and enjoyable of the kind that ever took place in C.

Christmas was honored by our Sunday School in South Weymouth, and as it number 235 it was equal to the undertaking. There was a Christmas tree, and presents for all including teachers and pastor, Rev. J. Baker.

VERMONT.

—A very interesting entertainment was prepared for the children of the Sunday School in Springfield, at the public hall, consisting of three beautiful trees loaded with presents, singing, recitations, and a very novel and ingenious piece called "The old woman who lived in a shoe." Santa Claus personated a beggar applying to the old woman and children for alms to test the generosity of their hearts and their worthiness before bestowing the bounties of the season. Having been generously provided for in the way of cold potatoes, &c, the best the shoe contained, he threw off his disguise and revealed himself as the children's friend. Finding the predominating desire to be a Christmas tree, he caused the shoe to part in the middle revealing a sight which made many little hearts beat with gladness. All were generously remembered. The pastor and family received numerous testimonials of good will in useful as well as ornamental directions. One interesting feature was a chicken with greenbacks protruding from its breast. The decorotions were said to be the handsomest and the exercises the most entertaining ever presented in Springfield. Every one went away with pockets full of treasures and hearts full of happiness.

—The Sunday School part of our parish in West Concord gave an entertainment to about five hundred, which completely filled the audience room, so that many were fortunate even to secure a standing place. After the exercises the delivery of presents from the trees in the vestry below was the next thing in order. Master Charlie Hudson successfully acted the part of agent for Santa Claus. Many hearts, both old and young, were made merry by the occasion, and will look back with joy to this evening with all their future years.

—The Saviour's birth was celebrated in Waitsfield, on Christmas eve in a very appropriate manner. The church was beautifully trimmed with evergreen, and brilliantly illuminated, making a fine appearance. A sermon was delivered by Rev. John Gregory, assisted by Rev. W. H. Walbridge. After this came dialogues and select pieces by the Sunday School children, performed in a creditable manner. Two large trees were filled with presents, for both old and young, in the usual way—giving great satisfaction to all present. Our cause in Waitsfield is gaining strength and solidity every day, and if our friends "weary not in well doing" they will soon establish it upon a firm basis. During the past year they have had preaching all the time, and expect to have the year ensuing. God bless the noble men and women engaged in the work.

—Rev. E. Hewitt, our pastor in Woodstock writes: We had Christmas services like the rest of our parishes and it was a very pleasant occasion indeed. Brief remarks were made by Revs. Messrs Dascomb of the Congregational church, Kidder of the Christian church, Weeler of the Methodist, and Foster of New Hampshire and the pastor. This mingling of different denominations is a step in the right direction and as it should be. Among the many gifts presented to the Sunday School and others, Mr. and Mrs H. were much surprised by the generous gift of a silver tea service. Many thanks to the subscribers of so valuable a gift."

NEW YORK.

—Our society in Eddyville, had a very fine Christmas tree on Christmas eve in the Universalist church. The tree was richly and heavily laden with just such fruits as make the hearts of the little folks glad. The exercises consisted of speaking and singing by the children and short addresses by two clergymen present and others. Our friends, without a pastor have organized and are continuing a very interesting school. Their hearts are in the work the result is success.

—A Christmas tree was enjoyed by the Sunday School at their friends at Bristol on the eve of the 24th. The excellent choir, joined with the School, gave charming songs, and the occasion was very enjoyable.

Correction.

Our readers will discover that we got ahead of time last week, and the paper that should have been dated January 17, No. 38 was by mistake made January 24, No. 39. So we must give them two papers of the same date, and designate this second one as 39-2. This is the best we can do to correct the mistake, while we beg pardon that it should have occurred at all.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XLV.—PAUL.

Question. — What was the effect of the wonderful conversions produced by the apostle?

Answer. — Acts xix. 23.

Q. — Who created the excitement?

A. — Acts xix. 24.

Q. — What was his business?

A. — Acts xix. 24.

NOTE. These shrines were silver representations of the temple of Diana, which those who came to worship the goddess, bought and carried to their homes.

Q. — Whom did Demetrius call together?

A. — Acts xix. 25.

Q. — What did he remind the silversmiths of?

A. — Acts xix. 25.

Q. — By what means did he tell them that their business was in danger of being ruined?

A. — Acts xix. 26, 27.

Q. — What else did he appeal to, to move them?

A. — Acts xix. 27.

Q. — How were the silversmiths of Ephesus affected by this address of Demetrius?

A. — Acts xix. 28.

Q. — How was the city generally affected by the excited silversmiths?

A. — Acts xix. 29.

Q. — What did the excited population do as they rushed towards the place of public meeting?

A. — Acts xix. 29.

Q. — Did Paul attempt to go into the theatre?

A. — Acts xix. 30.

Q. — Why did he not go in, to address the excited people?

A. — Acts xix. 30, 31.

Q. — Did the people know why they had come together?

A. — Acts xix. 32.

Q. — What did they shout?

A. — Acts xix. 32.

Q. — Who put Alexander forward to address the people?

A. — Acts xix. 33.

Q. — When they saw that he was a Jew, would they let him speak?

A. — Acts xix. 34.

Q. — What did they shout to drown his voice?

A. — Acts xix. 34.

Q. — How long did they continue shouting those words?

A. — Acts xix. 34.

NOTE. The Ephesians did not distinguish between Jews and followers of Christ.

Q. — To whom did they at last listen?

A. — Acts xix. 35.

Q. — What did he tell them they ought to do?

A. — Acts xix. 36.

Q. — For what reason did he asure them they ought to be quiet?

A. — Acts xix. 35.

Q. — What wrong did he tell them, they had done?

A. — Acts xix. 37.

Q. — What did he say to them, Demetrius and the other silversmiths ought to do?

A. — Acts xix. 38.

Q. — If there were matters which could not be settled by law, what kind of an assembly of the people ought Demetrius to bring his complaints before?

A. — Acts xix, 39.

Q. — What danger did he tell them they had exposed themselves to?

A. — Acts xix. 40.

NOTE. Ephesus was one of the cities that was favored by the Roman government. Instead of having its officers sent by the Roman government, they were permitted to elect their own and to make their own city laws. The town clerk warns the people that the Roman government may call the city to account for its disorder, take away its priviledges, and reduce it to subjection.

Q. — When the town clerk had quieted and counseled the people, what did he do with the assembly?

A. — Acts xix. 41.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr. Agent.

TERMS — PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.